The Ground Squirrel.

I.

Bless us, and save us! What's here?
Pop!
At a bound,
A tiny brown creature, grotesque in his grace,
Is sitting before us, and washing his face
With his little fat paws overlapping;
Where does he hail from? Where?
Why, there,
Underground,
From a nook just as cosey,
And tranquil, and dozy,
As e'er wooed to Sybarite napping
(But none ever caught him a-napping).
Don't you see his burrow so quaint and queer?

III.

Gone! like a flash of a gun!
This oddest of chaps,
Mercurial,
Disappears
Head and ears!
Then, sly as a fox,
Swift as Jack in his box,
Pops up boldly again!
What does he mean by thus frisking about,
Now up and now down, and now in and now out,
And all done quicker than winking?
What does it mean? Why, 'tis plain—fun!
Only fun! or, perhaps,
The pert little rascal's been drinking!
There's a cider-press yonder all day on the run!

III.

Capture him! no, we won't do it,
Or be sure in due time we would rue it!

IV.

Such a piece of perpetual motion,
Full of bother
And pother,
Would make paralytic old Bridget
A Fidget,
So you see (to my notion),
Better leave our downy
Diminutive browny
Alone, near his "diggings;"
Ever free to pursue,
Rush round and renew
His loved vaulting
Unhalting,
His whisking,
And curling,
And twirling,
And swirling,
And his ways, on the whole
So unsteady!
'Pon my soul,
Having gazed,
Quite amazed,
On each wonderful antic
And somerset frantic,
For just a bare minute,
My head it feels whizzy;
My eyesight's grown dizzy;
And both legs unstable
As a ghost's tipping table
Seem waltzing, already.

V.

Capture him! no, we won't do it,
Or, in less than no time, how we'd rue it!

—*Paul H. Hayne, in Wide Awake*

The Mystery of Garrick Hall.

"It was just such a night as this, Robert," said Aunt Edith, to my papa, with a little shiver.

"Exactly," papa replied, thoughtfully; "and the same time of year, too."

"Suppose you tell the children all about it," said mamma, quietly; "they look as if they wanted to know very much." "[illegible] long ago, long before you were born, my boy.

"Aunt Edith and I were only brother and sister; ever so much greater cronies than you and Edgar are, Jessie, not only because we had each other to love, but because we had to make common cause against an enemy, Jeffrey Lawson, our step-mother's son by a previous marriage. We lost our own dear mother when we were babies. Jeff was ten years older than I was; and after our father's death, which happened when I was eight and Edith six, we would have had a poor time of it but for Dame Tuttle, our dear old nurse. She looked after our interests, and fought all our battles valiantly whether we were in the right or the wrong. Our step-mother was so wrapped up in Jeff that she bestowed little trouble upon us. I, especially, was no favorite, for she got a silly idea into her head that I stood between Jeff and the property of Garrick. He was a fine, handsome fellow, as I remember when I was fifteen and he twenty-five; strong and daring, haughty in disposition and hasty in temper. I could see even then that he bitterly resented my being master, and himself as if nobody; for all our servants had grown old with us, and were staunch and loyal to us children of the house.

"Our mother—we call her so, though she was 'little more than kin and less than kind'—resented it too, and looked forward with very bitter feelings to the time when I should be twenty-one; for then, according to our father's will, she was to leave Garrick Hall, the homestead, and reside in a little cottage he owned in Wales. It would be a different position for her, as she had but a small jointure—all her own fortune had been spent on Jeffrey—and by some inexplicable chain of woman's reasoning, she blamed me for what she was pleased to call her unmerited misfortunes. Each year that passed made matters worse between us. As I grew older many things in the management of the property struck me as very unjust. The best of the timber was being cut down and the house allowed to fall into a state bordering on ruin because my mother would not spend money on repairs which I alone was to enjoy the benefit of. Our family lawyer was dead. Jeffrey chose his mother's legal adviser, and neither Edith nor I knew where to look for advice or assistance. Things remained very much in this state until I was nearly twenty, when one day Jeff entered my room in a state of wild excitement, and showed me a will that he had discovered in some out-of-the-way corner. It was dated a few days before my father's death, and except that it bequeathed to Jeffrey the sum of £5,000, and the reversion of Garrick if I died without heirs, it was substantially the same as the one already in existence.

"I had my doubts about the validity of the document, but I passed no comment; both the witnesses were dead, and I had not a shadow of proof to advance. Suspicions in such a case go for nothing, so I held my peace, the more especially as Judson, our old steward, was prepared to swear to my father's signature. So Jeff Lawson had his £5,000.

"On the night of which I am going to tell you there was a large part of the money in the house. Jeff was going to London the next morning; and as he meant to start early he said good-bye to us over night, and went up to his room first, carrying the money with him. Edith and I remained in the dining-room a little longer, chatting on different matters; among others of Jeff's departure, of a strange restlessness I had observed in his manner of late, of the possible date of his return; and somehow, quite unintentionally, I let fall a hint about my suspicions about the will, and discovered that they corresponded exactly with Edith's. At last, when the fire had burned quite out, and the candles were getting low in their sockets, we went up stairs together. It was a wild November night, with just such angry, impatient gusts of wind and vagrant thunder-claps as this. I occupied the west room; your aunt the one adjoining; and Jeff slept in the east room at the other end of the corridor; while his mother had her apartments in the south wing. As I bade Edith good night, the clock on the stairs struck twelve, and she merrily wished me many happy returns of the day, for I had just entered on my twentieth birthday. In a few minutes more my light was extinguished, and I was closely wrapped up. In less than half an hour I was asleep. Not so Aunt Edith. She was, she told me afterward, restless and nervous, two most unusual things with her. All her efforts to sleep were unavailing, and she gave up the attempt at last and rising from bed sat down by the fire to read. Twice she fancied she heard footsteps in the corridor, and opened her door to listen. Your aunt was not afraid of the White Lady, our family ghost, nor lady anybody else, girls. Twice she threw herself on a couch with the intention of resting, since slumber was out of the question; but between the storm and the mysterious sounds through the house, rest was impossible. At length, about two o'clock, she fancied she heard some one moving about the room very cautiously; and, nothing doubting that I was as wakeful and restless as herself, she resolved to come in and speak to me. A sudden gust of wind in the corridor extinguished her candle, and she entered my room in the dark, save for faint rays of moonlight which shone through the carelessly drawn curtains.

"As your aunt gently approached my bed, she saw a form advancing on the other side with uplifted hand, in which something bright gleamed in the moonlight. Quick as thought, without a moment's hesitation, her arm was thrown across my neck. The knife of an assassin descended with terrible force; and glancing off the bone, inflicted a long and jagged gash in her arm. The assassin who had not seen or heard her approach, instantly fled, leaving his weapon behind; and I was aroused from my slumbers by Edith's shrieks, to find myself bathed in her blood. Binding my silk handkerchief round her arm tightly, to check the bleeding, I sent a servant—for the whole house was aroused by your aunt's shrieks and the violent ringing of my bell—for the nearest surgeon, and then proceeded to search for some traces of the murderous intruder. Mechanically I went first to Jeff's room, probably because I was astonished at not having seen his face among the wandering group gathered round my door. It seemed amazing that he should sleep so soundly through such commotion. The door of the east room (Jeff's) was open, and so was the window; but the room was empty.

"Where was Jeff? Why had he gone so suddenly and mysteriously? Why the open window? I was all the more painfully perplexed, as the most careful examination failed to disclose any other means of exit by which the would-be assassin could have escaped. Every door was securely barred, every window except that of the east room was safely fastened. In the flower bed underneath there were distinct tracks of a man's feet leading from the window, none whatever leading to it.

"These things made me very unhappy, and some suspicion of my thoughts must have crept into my countenance, for Edith divined them at once. However, she remained silent about the [illegible] and your aunt frightened. But the knife which lay upon my bed appealed with dumb but terrible effect upon us both. It was my pruning knife, and that very afternoon Edith had seen me lend it to Jeff Lawson. Whether the knife had been in any way poisoned, or whether your aunt's wound had been badly dressed in the first instance, I do not know, but inflammation set in and for three weeks she was dangerously ill. For days her life was despaired of, and it was only saved at last at the expense of the brave right hand that had saved me so well from a terrible death.

"The matter made a sensation, which was something more than a nine days' wonder in our village; but I kept my suspicions to myself, no one else ventured to express any, and Jeffrey's name was never mixed up in the matter. Indeed it somehow got circulated that he left Garrick the evening of the attempted murder, and no one contradicted it. The object of the attack, which was evidently robbery as well as murder, for every drawer and desk in the room was thoroughly ransacked, caused much wonder and discussion. It was pretty generally known that my allowance as a minor was scarcely adequate to my few simple wants."

"What became of Jeff Lawson, father?" Jess asked, with a stolen glance at aunt's face.

"From the night he said good-bye to us in this very room, thirty-one years ago, I have never heard of him nor from him. He disappeared in the most extraordinary manner. Doubtless he is dead; and as far as he is concerned, I have no hope of the mystery of that awful night ever being cleared up."

"And his mother, papa?" Fred queried.

"Ah, his poor mother, she broke her heart over his disappearance, my boy. Mothers do such things over the most worthless sons.

Well, Upton, what's the matter?"

"If you please, sir, there's a gentleman wishes to see *you*," said our old butler, closing the door behind him, and looking mysteriously round. "He says his business is urgent, but he won't give his name."

"A strange gentleman, at this hour, and on such a night," exclaimed papa, rising. "He must be some belated traveler. Show him in."

We all looked at each other, and glanced toward the door in eager, nervous curiosity, as an elderly gentleman with very white hair and beard entered the room, made a courteous bow, which embraced everybody, and proceeded to unbutton an enormous traveling cloak in which he was enveloped. For a moment or so his eyes wandered round the room, as if in search of something, and then he smiled sadly.

"You don't know me, Mr. Neville?" quoth the gentleman, after what seemed an ominous silence, drawing more directly into the light of the fire, which blazed cheerily.

"I have not that pleasure, sir," papa replied, looking at our visitor more attentively.

"Ah! Yet my picture hung there once," pointing to a vacant space among the portraits on the wall. "My name is Jeffrey Lawson."

"Jeff!" cried papa and Aunt Edith with one voice.

"Jeff!" we all echoed in amazement. Here was the sequel to the story with a vengeance.

"You do not seem overjoyed to see me, Robert," Mr. Lawson said after another pause. "Well, perhaps you are not to blame. But you, Edith—after all these long years—might give your hand."

At that moment his eye rested on aunt's helpless right arm, and the most terrible, awkward, awful silence I ever witnessed ensued.

Mr. Lawson was first to recover his self-possession. "Forgive me," he said, and there was a tremor in his voice. "I did not know—I am sorry." Papa remained stern and silent. I really pitied Mr. Lawson, the odds were so fearfully against him. Not a single kind or encouraging glance met his eyes as he looked up a little haughtily, and continued addressing us all: "I did you a great wrong once, Mr. Neville. I have traveled many thousand miles to offer what reparation I can. That will by which I obtained five thousand pounds was a forgery. But I have come to pay it back with interest."

Papa bowed his head, but remained silent.

"Money was absolutely necessary then, for I had many pressing engagements to meet—my safety, my liberty was at stake—I was desperate; but though my base trick succeeded, it was too late. Absolute ruin and disgrace stared me in the face, and I was compelled to fly, like a thief in the night, to escape the consequences of my folly. That night I secretly left the house, escaping by my bedroom window. Concealing all the money I had, I took passage for Australia, where, by careful speculation and hard work, I soon realized a considerable fortune. I had no desire to return. I formed new friends, new habits; a squatter life suited me; and so I remained year after year. But I was heartily sorry for and ashamed of the part I played about the will, and I resolved one day to try to make it square with you. Then the gold fever broke out, and, the spirit of adventure being strong in me, I resolved to go to the diggings. I was singularly successful, but others were not so fortunate. One poor fellow who went by the name of "Down Ted," I heard frequently spoken of as singularly unlucky. One day I was surprised to receive a message from this fellow requesting me to come and see him as he was very ill, and had an important confession to make. I went at once, and saw at a glance that the man was dying; but imagine my surprise when, on a closer survey of his features, I recognized him to be Ted Judson, the son of your old steward—good for nothing, graceless vagrant Ted, who got me into almost as many scrapes as I got him out of. With the utmost difficulty, for he was dying, he told me a singular story. On the very night I left Garrick he tried to rob and murder me.

"Hearing from his father that I had a large sum of money by me, he resolved to have some of it; and entering the house, in the dusk of the evening, he concealed himself behind the corridor window and waited till the house was all quiet; then he entered my room, and after searching in vain for the money, he seized a knife which lay on a table and, in a fit of drunken rage and disappointment, resolved to cut my throat if I did not give up my purse. Advancing to the bed where I lay sound asleep, he lifted the knife and made a slash at my throat; when to his horror he saw the White Lady, who "walks," bending over me. Throwing down the knife he fled in terror, and made his escape through the window he found open. In a moment it flashed upon me that your room was mistaken for mine, and my window, which I had left open, proved the means of escape for the villain, as it had already proved the means of escape for me. I hope the timely appearance of the White Lady prevented any serious mischief."

"It did to me," papa said, sadly; "but the slash that missed my throat cost my sister her right hand. She was the lady who saved me, Jeffrey!"

"I am better pleased to have the mystery cleared up than I would be to have the [illegible] your pruning knife, Robert, which I asked one of the servants to return to you," continued Mr. Lawson. "Here is Ted's written and signed confession, witnessed by a magistrate. And now let me once more entreat your forgiveness; and, as my mission is accomplished, I will not intrude any longer. I should have remembered that the Nevilles are not a race to forget or forgive."

"Are the Lawsons, Jeff?" papa cried, advancing with outstretched hand. "If so, I claim yours. I have done you an infinitely greater wrong than you did me. I am very sorry."

A bright smile passed over Mr. Lawson's face, altering its whole expression, as he grasped papa's hand; and I'm sure there were tears in his eyes as he bent down to kiss Aunt Edith's forehead; and in the smiling silence that followed, while they looked into each other's eyes, all old scores were wiped out, all old scores healed and forgotten.

A Mountain of Gold.

Some excitement is being created among the Mexican population of Phoenix by the story of a Mexican, who arrived last evening from the Reno mountains. He came into town under cover of darkness, as he was nearly naked. His hands and feet were torn and bloody and his faced gashed in a fearful manner. His story was told with the air of a man who had been terribly frightened and had not recovered. With a companion he started out, prospecting about a month ago, going up Salt river. They left the river when opposite the Superstitious mountain. Their prospecting began at this point. While climbing up the mountain, in a little gully, through black sand, and down which a large stream of water had evidently passed years ago, they were astonished to find that in this sand were large quantities of fine gold. In some places the sand was only about half an inch deep over the granite. The gold, in pieces the size of a bean and smaller, were found in the little fissures in the face of the bed rock. Very little washing was necessary, and they found a little spring of water which furnished them what they needed. They obtained, they think, about $600 worth in half a day's work. About two o'clock in the afternoon they were surprised to see an Indian woman come to the top of the gulch above the spring and start to come down. Upon seeing them she ran back over the hill. In less than ten minutes they were surrounded by fifty or sixty savages. The Indians were very small, and seemed to be of a different nature than they had ever seen in Arizona. The Mexicans were not armed, except with knives, and the survivor says they were almost instantly caught with lariats. The Indians took them up the mountain and put them in a cave. They tortured and killed his companion, and his fate would have been the same but for his escape. He succeeded in getting away with only a few knife gashes on his face. They lost their gold with all their outfit. The Indians seemed to be cave-dwellers, and were evidently excited over the place being found by outsiders. Our reporter's limited knowledge of the Spanish language makes it impossible for us to obtain all the particulars of the affair. For the benefit of non-residents we will say that Superstition mountain derives its name from the fact that no white man has ever been seen again who attempted its ascension. It is a tradition among the Mexicans that large deposits of free gold are to be found in its gulches and ravines. It is not known whether there is any water there or not.—*Phoenix (Arizona) Herald.*

UNITED STATES SENATE.

Dignity and Courtesies of that Body.

The United States Senate represents the conservatism and the dignity of the American people, and to be a member of that body is an honor second only to that of being President of the United States. The Senate is frequently criticised by flippant writers because of its "heavy dignity," but instead of being a subject of criticism this feature ought to be—and is with thinking people—one of congratulation. The Senate is the permanent legislative body of our government and partisanship is not permitted there that it exercises in the House. There exists what is known as the "courtesy of the Senate," and though no rule requires it, it is always strictly observed. This "courtesy" is largely non-partisan in its nature and no Senator would think of violating it. In regard to nominations, it requires that the Senators from the State to which the appointment is made shall be consulted upon the question of confirmation or rejection, and their decision in all ordinary cases determines the result. When the administration—the appointing power—is opposed in politics to the majority, as now, the custom is to submit the matter to the Senator or Senators, if there are any, from the State affected by the appointment. This courtesy governs the promotions of committees, too, and no Senator would ever think of prescribing any other rule in this respect. When a Senator is assigned to a committee his name is enrolled at the foot of the majority or minority—according to his politics—and as those above him retire he goes up. For instance, when the Democrats got control of the Senate it was easy for anybody to determine what Senators would become chairmen of the respective committees. The highest name among the Democrats on each committee was promoted to the chairmanship in all cases except those where the same Senator occupied that position on more than one committee. This "courtesy" contributes largely to the well-ordered dignity which the Senate maintains, because it prevents any scramble for preferment—and nothing is more undignified in a statesman than that.

Again, in the Senate, the minority are always allowed three committee chairmanships, with the same privileges that attach to the majority. Each chairman of the minority has the right to appoint his own clerk and messenger, and these committee-rooms are entirely in the control of the minority. Then in the distribution of patronage the minority are always allowed a share. The dignity of the Senate always contributes to the maintenance of order in that body. There is never the loud conversation on the floor that is permitted in the House. The "courtesy" is observed in all the relations between the Senators. There is never any clamoring for recognition, as in the House. There is, in fact, never any competition between Senators for the right to the floor. On the contrary, a willingness to yield to another is always observed, and foreign ministers and diplomats, after noting the decorum that marks the United States Senate, have invariably pronounced it the most dignified and courteous legislative body in the world. But few altercations or violence have ever occurred in the Senate or on the floor of that chamber.

One of the most notable was the attack of Brooks, of South Carolina, upon Senator Sumner, and in this case the assaulting party belonged to the House. While speaking of this assault it may be as well to correct an error in regard to it that has been generally circulated. It was stated some time ago, and the paragraph was published throughout the country, that a Judge Orr, of Mississippi, had possession of the cane which Brooks used in [illegible] himself, and the cane was described as being of hickory with a heavy silver head. Captain Bassett, the venerable doorkeeper of the Senate, says the cane used was made of gutta-percha; that it broke into pieces at the first blow, and he (Bassett) picked up and still has one of the pieces.

In the Senate the method of obtaining the more eligible seats is of the same quiet and dignified order that prevails in regulating other matters. In a book kept for the purpose the Senator has his name entered as choosing a certain seat whenever the incumbent shall retire from the Senate or in any other manner vacate it. The Senator may have to wait years for the seat of his choice to become vacant; but there is no other way for him to get it, unless the possessor voluntarily makes an exchange with him. And such a thing as voluntarily vacating a choice seat never occurs.

The firm friendship existing between Senators Edmunds and Thurman, the leaders of their respective parties in the Senate, has often been spoken of. They frequently "lock horns" in political debate on the floor, but it never disturbs their friendly relations. If one of them is detained by any cause, after the Senate adjourns, the other waits for him and they go home together. This friendship has existed for years, and no doubt, though his party gains a Senator by it, Mr. Edmunds would have been glad to have had Thurman returned from Ohio. During the heated political debate of the extra session, one day Mr. Edmunds said something unusually sharp to Mr. Thurman. It was apparent in an instant that the Ohio Senator felt the sting. He sat down. Mr. Edmunds cut short his remarks, and immediately walked over to Mr. Thurman's seat, and it was then plain to be seen that he was making an "explanation."—*Washington Star.*

Drinking Students at Leipsic.

Ridiculous duels, says a Leipsic letter to the Boston *Advertiser*, are frequent and are against the law, but as they are not attended with danger they are winked at. It is said here that these duels increase the sense of honor, etc., an idea for which I cannot see one spark of justification. Each additional scar on a student's face increases his swagger and insolence—the only increase visible to me. Fist fights occur very seldom, and when they do happen amount to nothing. They push and scratch and shout a great deal, and that is about all. A few days ago, together with a Western friend, I was watching one of these pushing matches, when the gentleman in question observed, in a disgusted tone of voice: "Out in Chey-anne, where I live, when fifty men get to fighting you have to sweep up the eyes and noses afterward," saying which he jumped down into the middle of the crowd, doing the only damage reported. Of course the students drink a great deal of beer, but they leave whisky and brandy alone. I have known a man to drink fifty-two glasses of strong beer in a little more than twelve hours. A feat which equals it was performed by an officer here, famous only for his drinking abilities. At dinner one day a comrade offered to bet him a large sum that he could not drink a quart bottle of champagne out without taking the bottle from his lips. The challenged man thought a moment and said: "Give me half an hour to think it over." He went out, came back in half an hour, accepted the bet and won it, amidst great applause. Some one asked him why it took him so long to accept the bet. "Well," he said, "I was not quite sure that I could do it, so I went home first and tried it, and found that I could do it, and then came back."

Indiana Mabert's Romance.

A recent correspondence between the Rev. Dr. J. M. Thoburn, pastor of the Methodist church in Calcutta, and the Rev. John M. Reid, one of the Methodist missionary secretaries stationed in New York, has brought to light a strange story of Mormonism. On the sixth of March, 1863, a child who was named Indiana Mary was born to a man named Mabert, living in Calcutta. Five months afterward Mrs. Mabert died, and the child was cared for by Mrs McMahon, her grandmother. In 1865, as the story runs, the Rev. J. P. Meiks, a Mormon missionary, left Salt Lake City for India, and on arriving in Calcutta became acquainted with Mrs. McMahon. He succeeded in proselytizing her to his religion, and one night Mrs. McMahon abducted the child Indiana and fled with her from the country, accompanied by Mr. Meiks. Mr. Mabert started in pursuit of the fugitives, but did not succeed in getting on their track. Mr. Meiks and Mrs. McMahon went to Salt Lake City and the child was placed in the family of Orson Pratt. A year or two later Mrs. McMahon died and Indiana became a member of the household of Brigham Young. Here she remained for two years, when she went to St. George with Lucy B. Young, who had been living at the Lion house, and when she was ten years old she went to live at Zion with Dora Young. Here the girl remained for several years, and she was in a fair way to become an orthodox Mormon, as at the age of fourteen she went through the St. George temple and knew little of anything excepting Mormonism. Her peculiar position, however, of being without relatives in Utah and a prejudice she had conceived against the rites of the Mormon Church prompted her to make inquiries with regard to her family, and she found she had been brought from Calcutta, where her father was still living. Last February, Indiana, who is now about sixteen years of age, wrote to her father, mailing her letter to Calcutta, but Mr. Mabert was in Burnam and the letter fell into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Thoburn, who communicated with the Rev. Mr. Reid.

Dr. Thoburn announced to Mr. Reid that the young girl had relatives in Calcutta, who wished to have her restored to them, and he asked for information as to whom Indiana was living with and if she was a Mormon. He added that if she had good prospects in this country it would be better for her to remain here, as her Indian relatives were not at all wealthy. Dr. Thoburn's letter was sent to the Rev. Mr. Iliff, of Salt Lake City, who found that Indiana Mabert had left Dora Young and had gone South. Soon after receiving Dr. Thoburn's letter he met Judge Wheedon, and Indiana's case was mentioned. Judge Wheedon said that he knew of the case, and that Indiana was a member of the family of a Dr. Cooper. There Mr. Iliff found her, and he offered her a home with his family until she would be able to return to her father in India. She accepted the offer and at the same time declined a proposition of the Mormons to enter the Brigham Young academy at Provo.

The young girl, who is described as being very pretty, and as having a very retentive memory and remarkable conversational powers, has several rings that belonged to her mother; but a gold watch that formerly belonged to her mother is said to be now part of the apparel of a Salt Lake City Mormon. The Rev. Dr. Thoburn, who will attend the general conference in this country next May, will take Indiana with him on his return to India; and the young girl in speaking of the matter said she could never be induced to return to Mormonism, and that her only desire is to return to India. Since the beginning of the correspondence her father returned to Calcutta and is very anxious to meet [illegible] a young woman.—*New York World.*

Crime in New York.

The statistics of the annual report of the secretary of the board of police justices in this city, for the year ending October 31, are deserving of thoughtful consideration. We give a brief summary of the report:

During the year, 50,948 arrests were made by the police. Of these 43,092 were of males, and 17,856 of females; 22,452 of those arrested were discharged. The causes of arrest include 21,542 charges of disorderly conduct; 19,918 of intoxication; 4,758 of vagrancy; 4,400 of assault and battery; 2,441 violations of corporation ordinances; 477 felonious assaults; 979 cases of grand larceny, and 3,370 cases of petit larceny.

Some of the crimes by which New York city has become too well distinguished have assigned to them but a small number of arrests. For instance the number of arrests for gambling amounted to only sixty-one, and for keeping gambling houses to eleven. Six hundred and ninety arrests were made on charges of burglary.

Of those convicted, held for trial and committed to various institutions, 2,423 were under fourteen years of age; 4,425 were over fourteen and under twenty; 13,841 were between twenty and thirty; 11,812 were between thirty and forty, and 10,372 were over forty. Thus it will be seen that about half were under thirty.

In the record of the nativities of these criminals, the United States is set down at 19,743, many of whom were of foreign descent. Ireland is charged with 16,599 cases; Germany with 3,926; England, 1,367; Scotland, 396; France, 300; Italy, 441; other countries, 507.

View them in what light we may, these figures present a sad portion of the dark side of city life. Unfortunately they do not represent the whole volume of New York's crime. These are only the cases which the law has brought to light. A much larger array of figures would be exhibited had every violation of the laws been recorded.—*New York Observer.*

Manufacture of Clothing.

It is estimated that 50,000 men and women are employed in Philadelphia in the manufacture of clothing, and 20,-000,000 suits are made there every year. Cutting machines are gradually finding their way into all of the large manufacturing establishments of the city. The machines have a capability of cutting nearly eighteen hundred garments in a day of twelve hours, or about equal to the combined results of the labor of eight men. Buttonholes also can be worked by machinery at the rate of one hundred and eighty per hour, while by hand it would take the same period to complete three holes. By the cutting machines, folds of cloth forty ply thickness can be easily cut through. The establishment where cutting and buttonhole machines are used turns out one hundred suits ready for wear inside of twelve hours.

The Economical Plan.

Some men are altogether too economical to save anything—because they never get anything to save. A writer in the *Modern Argo* understands it. We quote:

He opened out in a marble front,
With a wonderful stock of goods,
And looked for wealth to come rolling in,
In silver and golden floods.
But the sheriff soon asked for the front door key—
Have you not the reason surmised?
He ran on the economical plan,
And never advertised.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The accident on the Tay bridge in Scotland by which many people lost their lives and none were left to tell the tale of the disaster, is the most dreadful known in the annals of railroad travel. It is no use to speculate whether human foresight could have prevented the calamity, says the New York *Champion*, but, with the thrill of horror which it flashes through the world, will be forcibly recalled the scriptual warning—"In the midst of life we are in death."

According to the Detroit *Free Press* Japan is now furnishing the French market with eggs. A cargo to the value of $850,000 passed over the Union Pacific and Pennsylvania Central railroads the other day on their way to Havre. This route is superior to the Suez canal journey on account of the high temperature in the Indian ocean. The cargo filled six freight cars and was carefully packed. Some cases were opened in Jersey City and the eggs found in good condition. Owing to the short crop in France they are in great demand, and it may lead to a regular trade between that country and Yokohama. The eggs were silk-worm eggs.

Martin, a Cincinnati sharper, was waiting for something to turn up. Knight, a visitor from Texas, advertised in the *Gazette* for a fifteen-year-old girl to marry. Martin discerned a probable chance to make money, and went with Annie Loftus, a young and pretty thief, to answer the advertisement. Knight liked Annie, and the match was quickly made. Martin claimed to be a clergyman, and in that assumed character performed a marriage ceremony, using a bogus license. While a wedding dinner was being eaten at a restaurant, Martin and Annie stole Knight's wallet, but a vigilant detective arrested them before they could get off with it.

The condition of Italy just now is sad. The harvest was altogether deficient; the Indian corn, on which a large part of the population mainly depends for food, was almost a total failure; the potatoes are diseased and very bad and dear; the chestnuts, which are the chief staple of food in the hilly districts, were a poor crop; and now comes winter, unusually early and severe, preventing all outdoor work. At Faenza there have been bread riots and the military had to be called out. At Ravenna the bakers' shops have been sacked by bands of hungry peasants; at Sermide like scenes have occurred, and in the provinces the people are clamoring for bread and employment. In Rome the number of beggars is very much on the increase.

Of the late Duke of Portland, London *Truth* says that he left personal property valued at more than $10,000,000, and that though eccentric he was certainly a model landowner. From the time of his succession to the dukedom he devoted himself to the improvement of his immense estates, and properties in all respects in better order could nowhere be found. Schools, churches, farm buildings and colleges, he was ready to build all on the most approved principles, wherever they were required; and his draining, planting and road-making undertakings were invariably on the most liberal scale. He made Welbeck one of the most perfect abodes conceivable. He certainly was a practical benefactor to the working classes, as for many years he kept hundreds of hands regularly employed at high wages.

An electrician of Virginia (Nev.) asserts that the engines on the Comstock in the mere act of running generate suf[illegible] the mines but also the whole town, provided such engines were so insulated that the electricity could be stored up and utilized. There is a good deal of electrical disturbance to be observed about the machinery of mills. Where there are large rubber belts running, when the hand is held near one of them, steady and beautiful streams of electricity are to be seen. These do not pass from the belt to the hand, but from the hand to the belt. It is rather a strange thing to see a stream of fire darting from the end of every finger on one's hand without feeling the slightest sensation; yet it is real fire, and would blow up a powerful magazine as readily as would a spark struck by flint and steel.

Why He Wanted a Divorce.

A stranger named Isaiah Bennett, and a lady named Hattie Coleman, from Louisiana, entered the office of a justice in Louisville, Ky., and expressed a desire to be united. The ceremony was duly performed, the customary fee was paid, and the couple departed, apparently happy in the consciousness that they were man and wife. Half an hour afterward Isaiah returned alone, with a look of intense sadness on his countenance, and inquired for the justice. The latter had gone home, and Mr. Beck, his clerk, was engaged in writing at his desk, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Where's the 'squire?"

"He's just gone out."

"Well, sir (excitedly), I want to git divorced."

"Divorced," queried Beck in astonishment. "Why, man, you've only just been married."

"Can't help it. I want ter be divorced."

"What for?"

"Well, because I've been to see a parson, and he says that marriage won't stick; that it ain't no good, that's all; that we ain't married right."

"Well," replied Beck, rather sharply, "you tell that parson that he don't know what he's talking about. There never was a stronger marriage made in this office than yours, and you can bet that it'll stick, and stick tight, too."

"Well, he says it aint no good, and I wanter git divorced."

"I can't divorce you. If the marriage aint good, why just let that parson marry you over again."

"Yes, that would be fine, wouldn't it. Git married agin, an' git myself in a box for committin' bigamy. Oh, no! I aint no such a fool. I'll git divorced fust, an' then I'll git married agin."

"Well, you'll have to go to a higher court for your divorce. You can't get it here. You're married, and that settles it."

"We'll see about that," said Isaiah, as he hurried out of the office. As he did not return it is supposed that the state of affairs was explained to him.

How the Money Goes.

Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the well-known American lady philanthropist, has published a curious tract, contrasting the relative expense of religion, living, education, rum and tobacco. Rum, she computes, costs the country $667,-638,569 annually; religion, $47,636,450; education, $95,406,726. Rum costs each person annually $17, whether they drink or not. Miss Thompson computes also that the man who drinks, treats and uses tobacco, will spend on the average $3.83 per week; $4.17, she argues, will feed a family of six persons one week. Miss Thompson puts the family on the follow rations: Sunday, three meals for six persons, hominy, sugar, sauce, meat soup, bread, cakes, pudding; expenses, sixty-three cents. Sunday's rum bill for the father, two beers, one gin, tobacco, cigars, treats, fifty-five cents.

Winter-Green.

To-day the winter woods are wet,
And chill with airs that miss the sun;
The autumn of the year is done,
Its leaves all fallen, its flower-stars set,
Its frosty hours begun.

Should last year's gold narcissus yearn
For next year's roses, oh! how vain!
No brief dead flowers arise again,
But each sweet little life in turn,
Must shoot and bloom and wane.

Sweet, had the years that slip so fast
Brought you too soon or me too late,
How had we gnashed our teeth at fate,
And wandered down to death at last
Forlorn, disconsolate!

Surely before the stars were sure,
Before the moon was set in heaven,
Your unborn soul to mine was given,
Your clear white spirit, rare and pure,
For me was formed and shriven.

Oh! surely no time ever was
When we were not; and our soul's light
Made those cold spaces infinite
That lie between the years like glass,
Seen only in God's sight!

Howe'er it be, my own desire,
If chance has brought us face to face,
Or if the scheme of things found place
To store our twin hearts' light and fire
In strange foreseeing grace—

Howe'er it be, for us at least
The woodland pathways are not dark
New lights are on the boughs and bark,
And in the rainless sunshot east,
We hear a mountain lark.

—*Edmund W. Gosse*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An Elmira (N. Y.) church has a choir of sixteen boys.

A snake forty-two feet long has been killed in an Alabama swamp.

The soap mine near Eureka, Nev., is turning out hundreds of tons of saponaceous quartz.

There is an extraordinary flight of quails to Italy this year, and they are sold for five cents in the streets of Naples.

Strange, but true. A word in season is scarcely ever spoken by a man in a peppery frame of mind.—*Stamford Advocate.*

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, from his profession and lectures, earns from $40,000 to $70,000 a year, and spends most of it.

At Castroville, Texas, recently, a vein of coal eight feet thick was encountered in digging a well, and in the coal were found pieces of wood and leaves astonishingly fresh and green, and what is more remarkable, part of a glass bracelet of beautiful design and fine workmanship.

Marietta, Ohio, was startled the other night by the ringing of the court-house bell. Investigation revealed that an impatient lover, accompanied by his sweetheart, was the cause of the alarm, and that he rang the bell, as he explained, "to wake up the lawyer folks, so he and Nettle could get a license to get married."

A rich snob, who married a lady of brilliant genius, said at a dinner party, "When we were married my wife declared, 'With all my worldly gifts I thee endow,' when she hadn't a penny in the world." "But there were her splendid talents!" said a lady. "Oh!" exclaimed a wit, "but she didn't endow him with them!"

[illegible] of rock coral, which have the advantage of being extremely durable as well as permeable by air currents, thus rendering the houses cool and light. "In this country," says the Lowell *Courier*, "the same object is attained by having the house built by contract, with cobble-stone underpinning."

A little boy starved to death, at Pittsburg, in consequence of a throat disease that prevented his swallowing anything. He lived four weeks without eating or drinking. His pleadings for food were pitiful, and he frequently dreamed of enjoying sumptuous repasts, only to awake to dreadful hunger and thirst. Just before he died he asked his mother if they would have a good dinner for him in heaven.

An English officer in Zululand told Dr. Russell how the missionary at King Lobengula's town fared with his congregation. They crowded the church at the time of service and listened, with their pipes in their mouths, to the clergyman till he read some passage which they did not accept and then they called out in Matabele, "Hoime! That is a lie. We do not believe it." Once the missionary went to King Lobengula and said he desired leave to visit one of the southern towns, as he was in want of new teeth. The king said gravely: "You have told me many falsehoods, and I have borne with you up to this. But now you outrage my good nature. How dare you, at your time of life, pretend you can get new teeth! Go away with you!"

About the Angle or Fish Worm.

Boys who go fishing understand what is meant by the joint words angle-worms. Celebrated men like Darwin, Dr. Sturtevant and others have been writing about the places these fish-worms occupy in the general economy aside from their purposes as bait. Mr. Darwin, who has set the world agog on the question of evolution, says that these twisting, curling earth-worms give to the soil a kind of under tillage, doing the same for the lower layers that the spade or plow does for the surface, and that they accomplish this by taking into their intestinal canals a large quantity of the soil in which they burrow and feed and then ejecting it in the so-called "casts." Dr. Sturtevant says he has proved by experiment that they are capable of converting, in a short time, sand covered by a layer of vegetable matter into material that appears to be a good loam; and where some worms were buried to serve as a breeding place for bait, he noticed that the gray soil was finally changed into dark-colored loam. According to the results of Hensen's observation, the worms do not live on fresh vegetable matter, but only on fallen leaves, twigs, etc., hence he does not believe that they ever injure a growing plant by gnawing at its roots. In the night they collect these vegetable residues around the mouth of their holes, they then draw them into the hole piece by piece, and as they become softened by absorption of moisture, eat them partly or wholly. Their holes have often been found to extend to the depth of six feet, and sometimes they run horizontally for some distance further. The author put two worms in a layer of sand eighteen inches deep, and covered the surface with fallen leaves; they went to work quickly, and after six weeks several leaves had been drawn into their tubes to the depth of three inches, the surface of sand was covered with a layer of humus half an inch thick, and the sand was penetrated by numerous tubes, some of which were fresh, others partly filled and still others wholly filled with humus.

Very taking—Colds. Very glad—The druggists. The very best remedy—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Black Costumes.

In the fancy that prevails for colored costumes black short suits are by no means abandoned, but the love of color compels them to be brightened by combining them with tapestries, or with satin de Lyon, or brocade. Perhaps the most favorite visiting toilettes of the winter are still black, but they are no longer of one fabric only. If brocade all black is used, it forms the coat-shaped basque and the flat front breadth, or else it appears as narrow side gores, while the front and back draperies are of plain faille, or else satin de Lyon; but even for such dresses some folds of cardinal red or salmon silk will edge the bosom drapery and the cuffs, while on black satin toilettes there is a single great rosette of red satin holding up the black paniers, or drawing them back from the top of tapestry breadths that form the front and sides of the costume. For rich black costumes the skirted coat is almost universal, and this is nearly always enlivened by a few—not many—very large and richly colored buttons; thus if the garment is double-breasted, six or eight buttons are formed in two rows in front, a single button is on the outside seam of the sleeves at the wrist, and two buttons define the waist line in the back; if small gilt and cashmere buttons are used, they are put in rows down the back seam below the waist line. The skirts of such [illegible] have flat fronts without an apron, and very bouffant back drapery [illegible] paniers. The flat look may be [illegible] narrow front breadth of the skirt [illegible] with revers on the side gores, [illegible] two straight pieces of brocade [illegible] satin facing on the edge are made to meet in the middle of the front, and similar side gores lap again on the front gore. Sometimes the low sash already described is knotted across such breadths, and the foot may have a bunch of plaiting, or else the long tongue-like points that are seen on many of Worth's dresses, but usually the edges are straight, the corners square, and everything is done to avoid the wrinkled apron effects that are still so popular in other designs. The back drapery for dresses with flat fronts consists of two full single breadths with straight facing on the sides and edges, held in very irregular drapery, and covering the entire back.

A design almost opposite to this is used for skirts of the cloth costumes which are now the favorite woolen walking dresses. Instead of doubling the back, the front of these skirts is doubled by an apron drapery, and the back is plain but very full. The front and side gores are very narrow, and are finished at the foot by a narrow box-plaiting that peeps out below the edge; a short, fully wrinkled apron drapes the upper breadths, and is gathered into the second side seam, where it disappears. The back breadth is then straight, and the full width of the double-width cloth, gauged below the belt, and entirely without drapery. The waist is an English skirted coat, or else this shape is used for the outside garment, which covers a plain short close-fitting jockey basque.—*Harper's Bazar.*

News and Notes for Women.

Weddings at midnight, and at the house of the bride, are the fashion in France.

The Empress of Russia recently received a dress from Paris, the cost of which was $5,000.

Mr. Gladstone says: "I use the expression women with greater satisfaction than I use the name of ladies."

In upper Silesia women and girls are mostly employed in the coal mines. A majority are Polish women. The last [illegible] gives an aggregate number of nearly 8,000.

The Russian sable, the most expensive fur sold, is the skin of a small animal of the weasel family, about the size of the German marten. The fur is never made up into garments in any country but China and Russia.

A person known for the past twenty-five years as "Charles Parkhurst," who led the life of a stage driver and farmer, died recently near Watsonville, Cal., when it became known for the first time that the deceased was a woman.

The Empress Eugenie is so timing her visit to Zululand that she may be on the spot where her son met his death on the first anniversary of that sad event, the first day of June. Sir Evelyn Wood, and [illegible] Lieutenant Carey, will be detailed as her escort in that sad pilgrimage.

Catherine Kennedy, of Roscrea, Ireland, lived in extreme penury, without many of the necessaries of life. She was accidentally burned to death the first week in December. Secreted in her bedroom was found a box containing $35,000 in gold and several thousands in paper, the whole bequeathed to her rich relatives.

The lady who is now Crown Princess of Germany was, as the child-Princess Royal of Britain, a veritable "little witch." A certain distinguished physician, who was often called to Windsor, was always familiarly addressed by the merry child as "Brown." In vain the queen tried to induce her small daughter to grace "Brown's" name with some sort of prefix. At length she was peremptorily informed that if she ever again ventured to make use of this unceremonious style of address, the punishment would be an instant dismissal to bed. The physician reappeared in a day or two, and was greeted by the young lady with these words: "Good morning, Brown, and good night, too, Brown, for I'm off to bed," and she at once "beat a retreat."

Curious Trials in England.

The habit and temper of the Englishman which inclines him to stand up for his rights and resent encroachments brings some very curious cases into court. Recently a baker sued a justice of the peace and recovered nominal damages for imprisonment for fourteen days at hard labor as a penalty for refusing to have his child vaccinated. It was proved, too, that although the words "hard labor" had been left on the justice's printed blanks the plaintiff had not been put to hard labor.

A farmer was brought before a provincial court for obtaining an agricultural prize on a bull and afterward selling the animal for nearly $600, which he had represented as blooded stock, but whose dam, "Graceful," was fictitious, and whose grand-dam was a common cow.

A man brought a suit for four shillings against the Metropolitan railroad company of London—the amount paid by him for a cab from Richmond—because the train on which he was riding stopped before it reached the Richmond station and prevented his reaching a Southeastern railroad train in time. The magistrate dismissed the case on the ground that if the train hadn't stopped there would have been a collision, and the plaintiff would probably have not been there to bring any suit at all.

Another story is of a pickpocket who was seen to take a pocketbook out of a lady's back pocket and run away. When caught he threw himself on his knees and begged to be let go. He had spent seventeen years in prison, he said, and the police wouldn't give him a chance. There were ten detectives to one thief in the city, and there was no chance for a thief at all.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NEWS SUMM[illegible]

Eastern and Middle [illegible]

[illegible]